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"Go deep enough there is music everywhere."—*Carlyle*.



## A Musical Magazine for Everybody.

VOL. 1. No. 3.

DECEMBER, 1893.

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Vol.



# The Minim, SPECIMEN.

A MUSICAL MAGAZINE FOR EVERYBODY.

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(ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.)

Vol. I, No. 3.

DECEMBER, 1893.

Price, One Penny.  
By Post, 1½d.



MISS DECIMA MOORE.

(From a Photo by Wayland & Co., Blackheath and Streatham.)

## MISS DECIMA MOORE.

It was a little less than four years ago—in Dec., 1889—that Miss Decima Moore first made her bow to the British public in the rôle of “Casilda” (Gondoliers) at the Savoy.

Before that critical audience, however, judged her, the keen eye of Mr. W. S. Gilbert, the well-known librettist, had taken note of the talent that was shortly to be displayed to the world, and had expressed his opinion during an interview on the subject of the “Gondoliers” about Miss Decima Moore—“a very charming young lady who will develop some day into a valuable actress.”

His prophetic words have now proved true, and Miss Moore at present is engaged by Mr. Edwardes until 1895 at the Prince of Wales Theatre.

Her career has been very short, but, as will be seen, most successful. Before the “Gondoliers” was taken off the Savoy Company visited Windsor, and at the request of the Queen gave a performance of the opera at the Castle.

This was the first operatic company received by her Majesty since the death of the Prince Consort.

The next hit she made was “Miss Decima” at the Prince of Wales. Then came the famous “Wedding Eve,” which opened the new Trafalgar Square Theatre. The rôle of “Ivonne” in this opera is one of Miss Moore’s favourites. Why this is so I very soon gathered. Although always associated with comic opera pure and simple she has a very real leaning towards the pathetic side of the drama.

She said that whilst singing her celebrated song, “Was ever artless maid in such a plight,” she really and truly felt the emotion she portrayed. It seems hardly credible to us cold, prosaic, matter-of-fact spectators that an artiste can so far throw herself into the spirit of a piece as to shed a few real tears, but Miss Moore assured me this was so in her case. She so thoroughly realises the awfulness of the supposed situation that the only relief for her emotions has to be shown in this manner, and this not only once, but every time she sings it!

Miss Moore then took part in “Dorothy” and “La Fille de Madame Angot;” but, as she very truly remarked, in old or standard works like these the part to a very great extent is practically so stereotyped that there is no scope for originality,

and if one departs from the accepted reading of the rôle it is not as a rule received favourably.

Miss Moore has such extreme individuality that it is easy to understand she finds this a great drawback in old plays. It is impossible for her to *act* a part, strange paradox as this may seem. She studies her heroine’s life, and then on the stage *lives* it, forgetting audience and surroundings.

Miss Moore has of course had many other engagements than those mentioned. It is hard for me, however, to utterly forget my personality and act the interviewer: I entered her drawing-room, note-book and pencil in hand, with the most business-like intentions; but alas! her fascinating manner and pleasing appearance made me almost forget the business I came upon: comfortably chatting and seated over a cosy fire, note-book and pencil dropped! Readers of “The Minim” will surely, however, excuse me under the circumstances, and be more pleased with Miss Moore’s pretty photograph (in all probability) than with a lengthy list of her theatrical engagements. The costume in which the likeness was taken appears very fanciful, but as a fact is made of very rough canvas, and is a genuine example of the dress of the rural Swiss peasant, having been bought in a market-place of one of their small villages.

One little incident connected with a performance of the “Wedding Eve” is perhaps worth chronicling. Miss Moore had to give a ditty seated on a pony’s back—an unusual attitude for singing! On the first night the quadruped behaved admirably, but during the second evening, evidently thinking it was rather too much of a good thing, went on strike and kicked up his hind-quarters with deplorable results! The rider laughed very merrily when recounting this episode; whether she enjoyed it so much on the night in question is doubtful. Miss Moore has also a very poor opinion of the newspaper reporter. “They so often put you down as saying what you don’t say, don’t you know,” she remarked, in that naïve manner which is one of her special charms. This reminded me that I was only a humble interviewer—a fact forgotten, such a cordial and friendly reception had I been given. I nevertheless left her flat with a firm conviction that amongst the rising operatic singers who hope for a grand future, there are not many who are so likely to succeed as Miss Decima Moore.

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“We English should be interested in the defeat of Xerxes, at Marathon. Had he conquered, the Persians would have swept over Greece, Rome and all Europe. We should have worn the togger of Orientals, and worshipped the sun.”—*Pritchard*.

OFFENBACH, the composer of several light operas realised £8,000 in one year (1867) by the sale of the rights of authorship and the sale of the work themselves.

## VOICE TRAINING

The possession of a good voice is, to use a well-known platitude, a gift of nature; and certain it is that no training can give a man a voice if he has not one naturally, or make a bad voice into a good one. But it can do much to make a weak voice powerful, or an unpleasant one musical, and a really skilful teacher of singing, if he cannot actually create a voice, can often evolve a respectable semblance of one from a very small foundation.

The elements of voice production under voluntary control are summed up in:—

1. The management of the breath.
2. The shape and control of the resonance chamber or sound board.
3. The use of the registers.

(1) The medium for the supply of air is a very important part of the machinery for producing music in a wind instrument, and not less so in the voice, which resembles an organ in more than one respect. The lungs form alike the bellows and the reservoir for the air which is to set the vibrating body in motion, and they must both hold it in sufficient quantities, and emit it sufficiently steadily, to produce even and pure tone; so, rightly, the voice trainer attaches great importance to the control of the breath. Full and complete inflation of the lungs is not easy, though it is not so difficult to inflate them as to keep them so. The muscles of the walls of the chest require much exercise to prevent the collapse of the lungs when full of air, increased considerably in bulk. It is the function of the student to *acquire such control over them that no air can involuntarily escape.*

(2) The position and shape of the back of the mouth, soft palate, tongue and throat, have much to do with the quality of tone produced by a singer; guttural or throaty, thin or nasal tones, are all produced by modifications of the movable parts of the mouth and throat; whilst good tone itself, whether made by the conscious or unconscious efforts of the performer, is the result of a favourable position of

the same. The various vowel sounds exhibit in themselves the varied qualities of *timbre* that one voice can produce, and it is by their judicious use that the voice trainer can make in time the nasal voice sound full and round or the guttural one clear and pure. For many purposes the Italian "Ah" will be found most suitable for practising with, but it is not adapted to all peculiarities of voice, and should be used only when there is no special defect in tone production, which requires other treatment. The other vowels too have all their value, and it is another function of the student *while employing the position of the throat most favourable to the emission of good tone, to still make his vowels clear and distinct.*

(3) An instrument called the Laryngoscope enables us to account for many facts known to voice trainers, but for which formerly they were unable to account. Amongst these are the so-called "breaks" or changes of register which all voices possess at certain parts of their compass. The chest register (*voce di petto*) is now known to be produced when the vocal chords are in a state of tension and vibrating through their entire length; the *voce di testa* by the chords vibrating through half their length; while in the small register only the very edges of the vocal chords are in agitation. Anatomists and singing masters are continually discussing the proper names to be assigned to these three conditions; it is more to the purpose to know what is the bearing of the discovery above mentioned on practical results. It has confirmed the wisdom of the old Italian masters in training the voice so that the upper register overlaps the lower; or in other words that there shall be no straining of any register for the purpose of reaching top notes, the lower notes of the register above it being brought down to meet it. It is yet again the function of the student to practice this so assiduously that there is no *perceptible degree of difference between the two tone qualities in the notes possessed by the two registers in common.* This lessens tension and avoids strain.



## ON SUCCESS.

The word "Failure" has been fitly described as one of the most dismal and depressing words in our language. Consequently its direct antithesis, "Success," must be appraised as one of the most lively and inspiring. Happy is the man who receives timely and cordial recognition of his genius! We know, alas, of too many cases in which the appreciation of the world has come too late. Its ringing plaudits reach not the ears of him who has called them forth, for they are not permitted to break the

sacred silence of the tomb. Then the loving hands of posterity lay the floral wreath upon the grave, eager feet press to the distant shrine, and regretful tears flow in tribute to the memory of the master! But all, alas, too late! And whilst we ponder over these sad instances every musician's thoughts wing their flight to the cemetery at Währing and the fate of Franz Schubert.

Sad also are those cases in which the grim monarch has permitted the child of genius to taste



but one sweet sip of the pleasures of success, and then relentlessly snatched away the life to which such a vista of joy was just presenting itself. In 1832 Hérold confirmed the success of "Zampa" (1831) by his "Pré aux Clercs." But another month and the body of the composer was borne, amidst general lamentations, to Père Lachaise. March 3rd and June 3rd of the year 1875 mark respectively the dates of the production of "Carmen" and the death of Bizet.

But we are able to place beside these sad records many of happier strain. Although not adequately appreciated, such men as Beethoven, Haydn, Handel, Chopin, &c., were highly honoured in their lifetime, whilst many of their still more fortunate brethren, such as Rossini, Mendelssohn, Gounod, Meyerbeer and Auber, received pecuniary reward upon a liberal scale. Perhaps the chief good of success is the encouragement it gives to its possessor to encounter the difficulties and demands of the future. Even the unfortunate aspirants for fame turn for consolation and stimulus to the accounts of early failures followed by success on the part of others. Very cheering is the story told of Auber and his countryman, Adolph Adam, the composer of "Le brasseur de Preston."

Auber's first two operas had failed. The third, "La Bergère Châtelaine," was a great success, and the happy composer basked in the sunshine of public applause. Shortly after Adam called upon the "man of the hour" and begged a favour. He wanted the scores of the first two operas. "My first two scores" exclaimed Auber, "Why, they were failures!"

"That's why I want them," was the reply.

"But they are wretched stuff," persisted Auber.

"So much the better!"

"But what earthly use can you put them to?" demanded the mystified owner.

"I want," answered Adam, "to show them to my pupils when they lose heart. A very cheerful lesson is embodied in those scores."

To the hard-working enthusiastic artist, the boon of success has a most beneficial effect, spurring him on to yet greater efforts and higher aims. And this reminds us that success has its penalties as well as delights. The artist has won the ear of the public—true, but at a cost. A keen look-out is kept for another work, as good or better than the first, and the Mascagni of his day has to take care that his "L'amico Fritz," or his "Rantzau" does not disappoint the expectations raised by his "Cavalleria Rusticana." To a composer flushed with a series of triumphs, the lethargy of the public in appreciating his latest work may inflict a severe blow upon his sensibilities, and though a later and better judgment reverse the first verdict, yet the wound may have been too deep and sore to be easily healed.

Rossini, upon taking up his abode in Paris and writing "William Tell," was little prepared by his previous victories for the temporary non-success of his offering to the French people, and his long period of silence (as far as the stage was concerned) bears testimony to the lasting effect of this disappointment.

Success also has its dangers. Especially so to those of a naturally indolent or pleasure loving nature. Stimulated in the first case by ambition or poverty, success has gratified the one or removed the other. With these powerful impulses no longer exercising their influence, our author rests upon his laurels, and by the time that his genius begins once more to incite him to action, he finds that ease and indulgence have already woven their silken but powerful chains around him.

Consequently, much praise is due to those composers who, having been wealthy by inheritance, or having earned money by early successes, have still continued to devote their energies and talents to the creation of new work. Mendelssohn has many admirers and some detractors, but who, looking back upon his busy and conscientious life, can but admire his devotion to his art, which in spite of the temptations which ever accompany affluence, pursued a course of untiring musical activity?

To cite another case. We might well excuse a man with a large fortune (made solely by his own efforts) and bearing the burden of an octogenarian's years upon his shoulders, from undertaking the fatigue consequent upon the composition and production of a new opera. Yet at the advanced age of 89 Auber submitted his last opera to the judgment of his fellow-countrymen.

There are cases in which any evils attendant upon success have been overcome by an influence more potent—a genuine love of art, and happily such instances are numerous.

Success being then a good thing can but be wished to every talented and earnest artist. But to the young we add with our plaudits a note of kindly caution. You have made your first voyage. Your ship lies at anchor in the harbour of success. But your present resting-place is for a short while only the "Ultima Thule." Soon again must the sails be spread to catch the "divine afflatus." Soon again must your bark encounter the winds and waves of disappointment and adverse circumstances. Your anchorage to-day is but the time of provisioning for to-morrow, when the task the Muse imposes upon you must be unflinchingly undertaken. Into the hands of genius alone is committed the solution of the "unending quest," and he who embarks upon this voyage should harbour no vision of "inglorious ease," but one of a life-work that should attain its destined end "afar on a distant shore!"

## KEY-BOARD TECHNIQUE.

As expression is a matter of the mind, technique is a matter of muscle. A perfect technique, however, exhibits in its higher developments special instances of the control of mind over matter, and is the result of training the muscles intelligently rather than mechanically. Still as muscles are only developed by use, and by use alone, no amount of theorising by itself will ever make one a brilliant player. The muscles and tendons must be *exercised and trained* for movements on the key-board, as race-horses and athletes train for public appearances.

A variety of small muscles, normally almost unused, are called into play directly one attempts to use the fingers on a pianoforte. The tendons and joints, too, have large demands made on their flexibility, and though we may develop muscle at almost any time, tendons and joints, after a certain age, lose their suppleness. Hence the importance of commencing study of those instruments requiring complex movements at an early age, before the joints are set and rigid.

The joints principally used in pianoforte playing are the following:—

1. The joints connecting the fingers with the hand.
2. The joint connecting the thumb with the hand.
3. The wrist joint.

These all have both a pendular and rotary action. The pendular is a comparatively easy movement, but the rotary is very much more difficult, many players

are deficient in it, and their powers consequently are largely limited. Much of the free and easy execution so much admired results from control over this rotary motion in the joints.

The other joints have not such important functions, but they must be kept loose and mobile, without rigidity, which is fatal to good execution.

Presuming now that the hinges are free, the muscles which control the movements of the fingers, thumb and wrist demand attention; their development or growth will be dependent on their being exercised in a proper manner.

The exercises which best develop the pendular action of the fingers and thumbs are five-finger studies.

Those most suited to the pendular action of the wrist are staccato and repeated chords.

The rotary motion of the thumb is required for scales and arpeggios, and should be practised separately in preparation for them.

The rotary motion of the wrist is used in arpeggios and in passing from one position to another. Suitable exercises are arpeggios and various broken chords.

The rotary motion of the fingers is required in arpeggios, especially at wide intervals.

As all pianoforte music consists of scales, arpeggios and chords, it may therefore be said that by cultivating the independence of the fingers, the mobility of the thumb, and the flexibility of the wrist, we are doing all that it is possible to do to gain "Technique."



## HALF-AN-HOUR IN S. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL ORGAN LOFT.

Through the courtesy of the amiable and accomplished Dr. George Clement Martin, we are enabled to narrate a personal experience which cannot fail to be of interest to our readers in general, and the habitués of S. Paul's Cathedral services in particular.

"The shades of night were falling fast" as we were received at the iron gates leading to the north choir aisle by Dr. Martin in his own charming and cordial manner. He tells us that it being the Eve of the Feast of S. Simon and S. Jude, the customary unaccompanied Friday afternoon service would be abandoned in favour of one of more festal character. As we pace the aisle in which the choir boys, having robed, take their places in decency and order, we cannot help being struck by the quiet and reverential manner of the lads, and with

the perfection of method and discipline displayed in their management. We ask Dr. Martin his secret of success. His reply is short but pregnant: "Tact and organisation." A few moments spent in looking at the beautiful reredos from close quarters brings us near to four o'clock, and so we mount the circular staircase leading from the choir aisle to a little landing on a level with the top of the choir screen, where we hang our hats and coats. Here we observe the ample music cupboards, all filled with bound volumes of organ music carefully and methodically arranged, and then mount a little higher till we reach the organ-pew (as it used to be called), a snug and cosy little room bracketed over the cantor's choir-stalls and forming one of the two projections on either side in front of the divisions of the organ, so

familiar to attendants at S. Paul's. It would hardly seem possible looking up from, say under the Dome, to believe that it was capable of holding several people comfortably besides the officiating organist; such, however, is the case, its height from the floor causing it to appear much smaller than it really is. It is beautifully lighted, warmly carpeted, and not crowded with quantities of music books in endless confusion. Nor is the organ desk overloaded; it contains only a psalter (the ordinary octavo "Cathedral" psalter) and a copy of the S. Paul's Chant Book, with the printed service list for the week suspended at the side. Shortly a verger brings up the music for the day in the shape of volumes containing the anthem and service to be sung, and Dr. Martin commences to extemporise the opening voluntary. He begins softly on the swell with flowing sweet sequences on choir, solo and great manuals, having well wrought sentences and clear and contrasted phrases, concluding with a coda a little effusion which, if written out, would be found not lacking in those qualities of proportion, form and design essential to a perfect whole. The beautiful tone of the harmonic flute on the solo, salcional and vox angelica on the swell, is of course apparent to any attentive listener, but specially effectively they sound, when, as here, the echo spoils nothing, for in the organ loft everything is as clear and distinct as can be wished. Of course the acoustical properties of the building have to be allowed for in performance, and the phrasing must be almost exaggerated in its definiteness to produce anything like intelligibility in the vast resonant dome; so it is in this respect that the greatest tact and judgment is required, not only in registration and phrasing, but also in choice of *tempi*.

The lovely tone of the trebles is especially apparent "upstairs." It sounds like one voice, so homogeneous in tone and attack are they, full, powerful and ringing in their entire compass. Dr. Martin explains that through numbers and careful training they are able to get through long services without flattening or fatigue; they had that day been singing from half-past two till nearly service time, yet their voices are beautifully fresh and true, and they have yet another practice after the service.

The Psalms for the 27th evening are sung to chants by Cutler and Rogers, with the well-known "Felton" for the "De profundis," the first two verses as usual being taken full, accompanied by the great organ diapasons. Owing to the proximity of the latter, we can scarcely hear the choir at all, but Dr. Martin's skilful cues keep him in touch with the singers, and they are perfectly together. When, however, the swell or choir are being used, the voices are heard beautifully, as these two organs are on the far side of the singers. With many a

deft suggestion of delicate orchestral effects, used with the moderation and reserve of the true artist, are the Psalms accompanied; and now comes the service, our favourite Garrett in D. It is, splendidly sung, and as admirably accompanied; here again the boys' voices are especially delightful. And then we have the anthem, a comparatively unknown composition of Sir John Stainer's. It dates from his pre-S. Paul's days, when he was at Oxford, and is always sung at the Cathedral on the Eve of S. Simon and S. Jude, for which it is composed. "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided" consists of an introductory movement, cast somewhat in the type of the older Cathedral writers, followed by a long and important duet for two basses of much originality (evidently a great favourite with the boys, who especially seemed to enjoy it), the whole winding up with a capital fugue. Through the fact that it is not published in the octavo form, it is quite unhackneyed, and we recommend our readers to make a point of hearing it at the first opportunity.

And then happened something unprecedented in the annals of S. Paul's. Dr. Martin has, in accordance with custom, occasionally been requested to play a funeral march on the death of a prebendary of the Cathedral, or on the death of a member of the Royal family, but these, so far, have been the only persons to whom the honour has ever been paid. The strains of Chopin's Marche Funébre must therefore have fallen on some wondering ears, as it would on ours had we not "been in the know;" there were no great dignitaries of the Church or State dead; wherefore then a Dead March?

It was as a very graceful and touching tribute to the memory of Charles Gounod (who spoke of a Celebration at S. Paul's Cathedral as the "finest service in Europe"), that the Dean of S. Paul's suggested its performance, and his broad-minded recognition of genius, and a religious life outside his own communion, is especially noteworthy and pleasant to record. The effect, under Dr. Martin's hands, was most impressive and beautiful; the 32ft. open diapason on the pedals giving immense weight and sonority to the opening portion, whilst the soft stops on the swell and choir played their due part later on.

It speaks well for the solidity and substantiality of the organ that it has never gone wrong since its erection twenty years ago, and though certain alterations and additions are contemplated, for which the money is already in hand, they are only rendered necessary through the lapse of time, and are not a consequence of either defective workmanship or faulty design.

And now, as we wend our way to the great western doors, Dr. Martin tells us what a busy life



his is, and yet how he loves his work, and we part with him as he goes to conduct a practice of one of Bach's motets, feeling deeply indebted to this great artist and courteous gentleman who has permitted us to have such a charming "Half-hour in S. Paul's Cathedral Organ Loft."

Subjoined is a description of the organ :—

**GREAT ORGAN.**—Fourteen stops (including double open diapason of 16ft., 3 reeds, one of 16ft., another of 8ft., and the other of 4ft.

**SWELL ORGAN.**—Twelve stops (including contra-gamba of 16ft.); 4 reeds, one of 16ft., two of 8ft., and one of 4ft. The vox-angelica undulates with the salcional, not the gamba, as some builders arrange.

**CHOIR ORGAN.**—Eleven stops (including bourdon of 16ft. made of oak), and two reeds.

**SOLO ORGAN.**—Six stops, of which four are reeds.

**PEDAL ORGAN.**—Nine stops (including one open diapason and a contra-posaune of 32ft.), and two other reeds of 16ft. and 8ft. respectively.

There are ten couplers, &c., making the total of drawstops 62.

There are four combination pistons to each manual, and four composition pedals to pedal organ.

The pneumatic lever is applied to the great, swell and choir manuals, as well as to the pedal clavier and the drawstop action.

The great and solo organs are on the north side, the swell and choir on the south, and the pedal enclosed within the screen on the north side; the instantaneous communication from the keys of the swell and choir to their respective soundboards being accomplished partly by trackers, and partly by Willis's patent pneumatic action.

The organ is blown by an Otto gas engine. There is electric communication between the organ loft and the engine-room, also electric communication and a speaking tube between the organist and the choir below; a contrivance which Sir John Stainer says has prevented many a troublesome musical *contretemps*. On great days, when there is a large orchestra and choir, an electric communication is preserved between the left foot of the conductor and a movable arm, which beats time close to the music-book of the player.



"THE Light of Other Days," the well-known ballad by Balfe, it is said, realised more than £6,000 for the publisher.

MENDELSSOHN maintained "*that inspiration is peculiar to no country, but floats in the air.*" This statement seems borne out by the following facts :—Handel, a Prussian, composed the "Messiah" at Gopsall Hall, Leicestershire; Rossini, Spontini and Cherubini, all Italians, composed their greatest lyrical and sacred works in Paris; Haydn, an Austrian, wrote his best symphonies in London; and Mendelssohn one of his noblest works in Rome.

Though Haydn once observed that he was loved and esteemed by everybody except professors of music, yet all the *greatest* musicians were and are usually ready to recognise each other's greatness. Haydn was an enthusiastic lover of Mozart; he spoke of Handel as "the father of us all." Scarlatti followed Handel, in admiration, all over Italy, and crossed himself, in token of veneration, when his name was mentioned. The dying Beethoven, pointing to Handel's works, exclaimed, "There—there is the truth." Mozart, speaking of Haydn to a critic, said, "Sir, if you and I were both melted down, we should not furnish materials for one Haydn;" and when he first heard Beethoven, observed, "Listen to that young man; be assured that he will yet make a great name in the world."

A MUSEUM of ancient musical instruments, consisting of some two thousand varieties, is located in a suitable building in the Paris Conservatoire, bequeathed to the institution by the late M. Clapisson. This curious and valuable collection was previously offered to the British Museum.

That England was not a musical nation was the opinion of Cicero, who said "that the ugliest and stupidest slaves come from Britain," and he urged his friend Atticus "not to buy slaves from Britain, on account of their stupidity and inaptitude to learn music and other accomplishments."—*Anthropological Review*, July, 1868.

"INSTEAD of saying that man is the creature of circumstance, it would be nearer the mark to say that man is the architect of circumstance. It is character which builds an existence out of circumstance. Our strength is measured by our plastic power. From the same materials one man builds palaces, another hovels; one warehouses, another villas. Bricks and mortar are mortar and bricks until the architect can make them something else. Thus it is that in the same family, in the same circumstances, one man rears a stately edifice while his brother, vacillating and incompetent, lives for ever amid ruins; the block of granite which was an obstacle in the pathway of the weak, becomes a stepping-stone in the pathway of the strong."—G. H. Lewes, "*Life of Goethe*."

## HOW TO PASS EXAMINATIONS.

We originally entitled our paper "How to obtain Degrees, Diplomas or Certificates," but a kindly friend suggested that these were not, perhaps, very difficult things to get if one only knew where to go for them, and that even if some of our readers were in doubt as to the corner of the market where they could be had, yet it was hardly the function of a high-class journal like "The Minim" to point it out. So we immediately amended our ways when we saw the point, a point which, however, is not always perceived by the British public.

Without professing to point out a royal road, or special short cut, some time, trouble and expense may be saved by perusing the following few hints.

First of all obtain the current list of regulations. The secretary or other official of the institution at which you seek your honours will always forward free particulars on application to him direct.

Many candidates lose much time by trusting to old copies of requirements. These are continually changing, and are anything but the laws of the Medes and Persians. A young student that we know wasted a year in getting up certain subjects in the Arts' requirements for Mus. Bac. at Oxford, which had been abolished months before!

Then, having obtained the regulations, study them carefully, and in detail. Do not jump at conclusions as some do, but take the requirements literally, according to the plain meanings, and in their proper connections. One candidate that we know of lost money, time and temper on discovering that the line in the Cambridge regulations for the Mus. Bae. examination saying "No knowledge of Mathematics, beyond that of Arithmetic, will be required to satisfy the examiners," referred to "Acoustics" only!

It is a good plan not to attempt to fly too high in a first essay. There are so many grades open to the aspirant that if only he has common sense and perseverance he can be almost sure of success from the commencement of his career until he emerges a full-blown "Mus. Doc." In this, however, he should be guided largely by his teacher or "coach," who is a very important and almost essential factor of success.

Primarily, the coach for any particular examination should be selected who has himself been through the same or a similar mill. A Fellow of the College of Organists may be just as good a *teacher* of the violin as a Licentiate in Violin playing of the Royal

Academy, but if we want to be a Licentiate in this particular subject of the R.A.M., we shall be wise in selecting as a coach for this examination one who possesses this particular diploma; just as it would be well to select for the College of Organists' examination a teacher who was himself a diplomé of that institution in preference to an L.R.A.M., however gifted he might be.

There are, of course, also plenty of teachers in existence without any degree or diplomas at all, whose vast experience enables them to undertake the preparation of candidates for any form of musical examination with almost assured success, and the ambitious student will be as safe with them as he would also be with an University graduate in music.

Then, having secured our teacher and obtained music, literature and note books necessary, work, real genuine hard work, must be commenced. There must be no flinching, no half-hearted laziness. The student must get up his subjects thoroughly, and make all the details he has to acquire quite familiar and entirely his own. It has been estimated that the average mind can hardly be safely relied upon to recall new facts unless they have been previously recalled at least ten times, and it is certain that for success in examinations the memory must be well trained and well disciplined. If, for instance, one has recalled the birth and death of Gluck correctly on ten separate occasions, it may be regarded as safe; or if a difficult passage can be rendered correctly at the first essay on ten different occasions, it too may be looked upon as mastered; but mere "flucking" through a thing is not only bad in itself, but the almost certain prelude to failure and disappointment. By a sheer piece of luck it may occasionally happen that an awkward passage comes out well when playing to one's master that may be an egregious failure at the examination; and therefore it is strongly recommended that the above test may be applied to all difficulties; in the event of a student finding that in his private preparation he comes short of it, his master's advice and assistance should be sought on this special point at the first opportunity.

Then thoroughness, method and perseverance being invoked, there is little fear that the students' efforts will be paralysed by nervousness, generally produced by a consciousness of weakness, and our aspirant has nothing to do but go in and win.

— \* \* \* \* \*

"If the wise erred not, it would go hard with fools."—*George Herbert.*

"Live with wolves, and you will learn to howl."—*Spanish proverb.*

Please read carefully our Editorial on page 41. Order early for next number!

Our next number will contain a Portrait and Biography of Fräulein Gabriella Wietrowetz, "Peeps through an Opera Glass" (No. 2, Gounod's "Faust"), "My First Appearances" (by a many-sided genius), "Fancies and Facts for Amateur Fiddlers," "How to use the Pianoforte Pedals," "A Student's Experiences," "How to Obtain Engagements," "Notes by Nemo," &c., &c.

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All Local Notes, Advertisements, &c., to be sent to the  
Local Publishers.

All other Communications should be addressed to—

*The Editors, "The Minim,"*  
*84 Newgate Street,*  
*London, E.C.*

OUR readers will, it is thought, find much food for reflection in our present issue. Each number has been contributed by a specialist, whose principal object has been to condense a vast amount of information, useful and amusing, into a small space. The article on "Success" was written by one whose life has been a noteworthy example of its possibilities, and therefore possesses a greater degree of interest than if it was the work of a "failure;" it should be carefully read by aspirants to fame. In the hints on "Voice-training" is contained the three secrets necessary for the production of an organ capable of overcoming all difficulties of execution; whilst the article on "Key-board Technique" (the author of which has studied the systems of the greatest English and Continental masters under their own guidance) is the "boiled-down" experience of many years.

This being "the age of examinations" we obtained the opinion of a well-known "coach," and have the pleasure of submitting his advice to our readers. If it is likely to be appreciated and to be of use to any who from any cause are unable to avail themselves of personal professional assistance, we shall ask him to give us further aid in more detail, dealing with the requirements of specific examinations. In this we shall be guided by our readers themselves, and we shall be obliged if all those who feel any interest in this subject will write the Editors direct, stating the particular examinations for which they most would value help. We shall then be able to do the greatest good to the greatest number.

The "Word-pictures" will be, it is thought, useful to young students to whom the great composers are little more than a name, tending to foster an interest in their personality and to lead them to read in the fuller biographies their struggles and successes. The "Half-hour" and "Notes by Nemo" are the handiworks respectively of a well-known organist and a gentleman whose unassuming *nom-de-plume* (not suggested by the Editors!) is associated such a retiring nature that he prefers, like Burns' "wee modest, crimson tipped flower," to "blush unseen."

We invite contributions from our readers, and shall have pleasure in considering any suggestions that they can make to render our paper as useful, entertaining and instructive as possible. All literary matter will be carefully read and, if not accepted, returned, *if stamps for postage be enclosed.*

## WORD-PICTURES OF THE GREAT COMPOSERS.

The lives, personality and characters of the great composers are often said to be reflected in their music. If this be true, the following brief paragraphs may be of use and value to those who may not have the time and opportunity for much study of their published biographies.

**HANDEL, G. F.**—A man of middle stature, inclined to corpulence, with a florid complexion and a full and beaming eye. Wears a full-bottomed wig, ruffles and lace; by no means averse to the enjoyment of social pleasures. At the time of composing the "Messiah" (1741), bodily slightly affected by paralysis. Of great perseverance and resource, his success in oratorio was preluded by his dismal failure in opera. Almost entirely a concert-room artist, and not above occasionally "playing to the gallery." Outspoken, not to say choleric in disposition, but of deep religious feeling. His fugues academic in style, but not at all *strict*. Most of his life was spent in England. Born, 1685. Died (a bachelor) on Good Friday, 1759.

**BACH, JOHN SEBASTIAN.**—Somewhat short in stature and of a full-bodied habit; quiet, retiring and contemplative in his general disposition; essentially a Church musician, his time being chiefly occupied in and about the concerns of the Thomas-Schule at Leipsic, where he succeeded Kuhnau as musical director in 1733. Though contemporaneous with Handel, the two great composers never met. Twice married (himself one of a fifth generation of musicians), he had 11 sons and 9 daughters. A very religious man, who wrote comparatively little secular music beyond two comic cantatas. Like Handel he was afflicted with blindness during the final scenes of his life. If Handel wrote for the public, so Bach may be said to have written for the cloister. The characteristics of Handel and Bach may, not inaptly, be respectively compared to an Anglican and Gregorian chant, one being of the simplest and most straightforward character, the other having a distinct flavour of its own, which it requires some education to appreciate. Born, 1685. Died, 1750.

**MOZART, JOHANN CHRYSOSTOM WOLFGANG AMADEUS.**—A man of average height, but of slim and delicate appearance, possessing decidedly a handsome face, though very slightly marked with small-pox. Of the most charmingly courteous and vivacious manners, he, nevertheless, was of considerable *hauteur* when his dignity as a musician was hurt; altogether, however, cultured and refined, with a considerable fund of humour; a great admirer of the fair sex—in fact, decidedly a flirt. By far the most precocious genius the world has ever seen, probably equally learned as a musician with Bach and Handel. Great as an organist, as they

also were, he was a more excellent solo performer on the harpsichord and pianoforte than either; the neatness, clearness and accuracy of his playing has never, probably, been excelled. Most of his life was spent in an impoverished condition. His compositions had a powerful effect on Haydn (once master of Beethoven), who was contemporaneous (though Haydn was the older man), many of the latter's best compositions being written after Mozart's death. Born, 1756. Died (leaving a widow and several children) 5th December, 1791. Buried in an unknown pauper's grave in Vienna.

**BEETHOVEN, LUDWIG VAN.**—"The most universal musical genius the world has ever produced" was short, broad and sturdy, and of a somewhat rugged and morose appearance, much resembling the Rubinstein of our day. Eccentric in manner and habits he made few fast friends, and was much misunderstood and ill-appreciated by his personal acquaintances. Though he was frequently consumed by the "tender passion" he never married, his attachments, unfortunately, not being always reciprocated. As a player he excelled, as the great composers seem almost uniformly to have done, as an extemporaneous performer; his execution of written pieces was, however, occasionally wanting in clearness, though never in dash, impetuosity and spirit. He was indifferent to the outward conventionalities of society, and by many was reputed mad. He was capable of the greatest self-denial and was full of generous impulses—sometimes lavished on objects unworthy of his affection. Born, 1770. He died at Vienna (during a terrific thunderstorm) in 1827, and was accorded the honour of a public funeral.

**SCHUBERT** was a short, thick and altogether insignificant-looking man, untidy in his dress, and so shortsighted that he was obliged to perpetually wear glasses. Quite poor all his life, engaged in a continual struggle almost for bare existence, he wrote many of his most exquisite pieces under circumstances which would appear most unfavourable to their conception. He made his living for many years of his life as a school teacher. Unlike many other musicians, he was never the pet of society, nor, indeed, was he accustomed to associate with any but people of quite humble position, and in other company was shy and retiring, not to say awkward, in his manner. Still he was possessed of the divine flame in probably equal degree with any other of the great masters, and it was possibly only the want of opportunity for serious study (he was making arrangement for receiving lessons in counterpoint just before his death) and his short life which prevented his taking an equally high



place in the world of art with Handel, Beethoven and Mozart. Born Vienna, 31st January, 1797; died there (unmarried) 19th November, 1828. He once met Beethoven, who predicted that he would make a stir in the world.

MENDELSSOHN.—This polished gentleman was one of the few great musicians whose lines were cast in pleasant places, and to whom carking care was a stranger. Never distressed for money, the pet and idol of society from infancy, it is indeed a wonder that such a favourite child of fortune should have become the great creative artist Mendelssohn undoubtedly was. He was of middle height, rather slim figure, with a very handsome face and charmingly vivacious and pleasing manners. His temperament was a very excitable and emotional one, and there is no doubt that this fact was responsible for his early death—he “wore out” too soon. His long fingers gave him many advantages as a performer, and he is one of the few musicians whose reputation was equally great as a composer, organist and pianist. Born Hamburg, 3rd February, 1809; married, 1837, to a young lady nine years his junior, with whom he lived a very happy life; died Leipsic, 4th November, 1847 (soon after first production of his masterpiece, the oratorio “Elijah”) leaving several children.

HAYDN.—A neat dapper little man, very dark in complexion (so much so that he was likened unto a Moor), but possessing beautifully clear and well-cut features. Always neat and tidy, he was a great contrast to his contemporary and sometime pupil, Beethoven. Daily associating for many years with archdukes, princes and high dignitaries of all kinds, and living so long under the shadow of courts and thrones, he had extremely polished manners, though he had a temper of his own. He was of a deeply religious disposition, and never commenced a new work without invoking the blessing of the Almighty; but he was not without a tinge of superstition, as he firmly believed that his genius deserted him unless he wore a particular ring on his little finger when writing. He was one of the few great musicians (if not the only one) who possessed a degree in Music; he was created a Mus. Doc. of Oxford University, *honoris causa*, 8th July, 1791, and in a copy of a Musical Directory published in 1794 (formerly in the library of the Sacred Harmonic Society), he is described as “Haydn, Dr. Joseph, Composer, *Pia-forte* Prof., Conductor Opera, Salomon’s Concerts, No. 18 Gt. Pulteney Street, Golden Square.” Born Rohrau, 31st March, 1732; died Vienna, 1809.



### SUNDAY MUSIC.

He was a shrewd man that music publisher! Finding that a certain composition did not sell well as a “March of the Madcaps,” he rechristened it, and issued it as “Cathedral Echoes,” adorned with a beautiful picture of some noble Gothic fane, under which title it enjoyed a large circulation amongst those good souls to whom the name is everything, and the intention nothing. Even if occasionally some pious and godly matron did enquire on a Sabbath afternoon, when the muse was being invoked to induce peaceful slumber, “Is that Sunday music, my dear?” the reply, “Oh! yes, mama, it is ‘Cathedral Echoes,’” was immediately satisfactory.

It is true that now-a-days, when the effect of abstract music is better understood, that well-informed people do not, so much as they did, attempt to draw arbitrary distinctions between strains secular and sacred, but there are still numbers of good people whose ideas on this point are sorely mixed and prejudiced.

Granting for the time that domestic music on Sundays should not be of the same type with that of other days, let us endeavour to define the difference between sacred and secular strains, presum-

ing that the former only are suitable for the first twenty-four hours of the week.

According to the common acceptation and derivation of the word, a thing *sacred* is separated from common, and consecrated to religious duties; whilst a thing *secular* pertains to the present world, or to something not spiritual and holy.

These definitions, however, apply mainly to things concrete rather than things abstract, and it would be almost impossible to connect them with such a thing as music, for there is no kind of musical idiom which is absolutely solely connected with religion. The melodies founded on Gregorian tones, perhaps, come nearest, but we hardly think that any of us (Calvinists or Puritans least of all) are prepared to say that we should like to hear no other strains than those on Sundays, either in church or at home. Even these tunes, however, have been associated with secular sources, as in the early days the same strains were sung indiscriminately to sacred and other words. In fact, it was not until comparatively recently that there was any difference between sacred and secular music *per se*; the music in Handel’s operas, for instance, is of exactly the same type as that of his oratorios, and

might be transferred from one to the other without any difference in style being evident, as indeed has been frequently done.

Secular music, as distinct from music set to words, whether sacred or secular, may be said to have begun with the rise of the symphony and the use of instrumental music in connection with dancing—itsself originally connected with religion.

But in so far only as it is *associated* with secular habits, experiences or words, can it be distinguished from sacred music.

We can now, after a consideration of these facts, arrive at an approximate definition of what is secular and what is sacred music.

Secular music consists of such as was associated by the composer with secular words known to the hearer, or reflects in itself secular associations. Sacred music may consist of any strains not included in the above.

If we recognise the truth of these statements and accept them, it will remove much doubt and difficulty from the minds of those who, hearing music which ordinarily would give them pleasure, are in doubt whether to yield to its influence or not; uncertain whether it be of God or the devil, who, according to Rowland Hill, had all the good tunes.

We should therefore, in defining sacred music, first of all ask ourselves, Does it in itself reflect secular associations? Does it suggest the theatre, the ball-room, or the opera, or is it associated with secular words familiar to us, and wedded to them by the composer? The last condition is important, since it is well known that many beautiful melodies have been arbitrarily fitted to certain words never contemplated by the composer, which may therefore suggest an artificial secularity to one person which it fails to do to another.

The same music, therefore, may have a different effect on two persons sitting side by side. "Verdi prati," from a Handel opera, may be as devotional to one not knowing its source or what it is about, as it may be the reverse to the other, just as Wagner's "Preis lied," from the "Meister Singer," may appear religious in character to all unacquainted with it on hearing it for the first time.

Custom, habit and education have much to do with our views in this matter. A few years ago it

would have been considered very wrong to perform in church an extract from one of Beethoven's symphonies, though, *per contra*, one of Handel's airs from "Samson," even if it be connected with the Dalilah episode, or a number of Rossini's operatic "Stabat Mater," would be listened to with pleasure. "Nous avons changé tout cela," and now-a-days we have an entire Beethoven symphony (even the C minor) performed at one of the festivals in our great cathedrals, on the same footing as the "Messiah" or "Elijah." On the other hand it never occurred to many worthy people that it savoured of blasphemy to perform sacred works in a concert room, to the accompaniment of applause and encores, with bouquets for the prima-donna and calls for the composer, the sacred words being admittedly but a peg to hang the music on. Veritably we English are a strangely inconsistent people; we strain at the gnat of a Chopin Nocturne on Sunday and swallow the camel of the "Messiah" in St. James's Hall on Monday! If it be wrong to listen to a Mendelssohn "Lied ohne Worte" in a church one day, it must surely be much worse to sing "I know that my Redeemer liveth" in a drawing-room the day after!

There was a time when the violin, flute and "loud bassoon" led the singing in most of our churches, and many and indignant were the protests at the introduction of keyed instruments. Now, if one proposes to go back to the ancient good old style, we are met with a host of objections from, perhaps, the very same people who resisted the original "innovation," as they like to call any new departure.

The truth is, as Ibsen says, that the opinions of the minority of one generation are held by the majority of the next, not only by conversion of the survivors, but by the fact that the "fittest" doctrines for the eternally altering new conditions alone are preserved.

Let us put away narrowness, bigotry and prejudice in all things, and hesitate not to use such intellects as may be granted us for the clearing away of any metaphysical cobwebs obstructing our mental vision. To weigh and to ponder is the especial privilege of man, the one characteristic differentiating him, we are told, from the brute creation; let us see that we always use it, whether our views are asked on Sunday music or on any other subject.

— \* \* \* \* —

"Civic virtues, unless they have their origin and consecration in private and domestic virtues, are but the virtues of the theatre. He who has not a loving heart for his child cannot pretend to have any true love for humanity."—*Jules Simon's "Le Devoir."*

"Teach a boy arithmetic thoroughly and he is a made man."—*John Bright.*

"No man is bound to be rich or great—no nor to be wise; but every man is bound to be honest."—*Sir Benjamin Rudyard, 1628.*

## NOTES BY NEMO.

"UTOPIA LIMITED" draws vast crowds nightly ; and for this it is not difficult to account. A remarriage of divorced parties is always interesting, if only on account of its rarity ; but when the union is productive of such admirable results as the Sullivan-Gilbert-Carte combination, the reconciliation is not only a benefit to the trio concerned, but, what is more to the purpose, also to the public. It is a long time since the Savoy Theatre has heard such audible chuckles, and contained less unprofitable "paper," than at present. It is not my purpose to attempt a description of the opera itself, as that has been treated fully by all the daily and musical papers : my impression is, however, that in spite of much cleverness and smartness, both in words and music, it will not be found to become so popular as the earlier productions of the house—one reason being that through various causes performances of the airs in the later operas by the general public, in private or in the concert-room, are rare. This is to be regretted since some in "Utopia Limited" are particularly "taking." I was especially pleased with the tenor air, "There's a little group of isles beyond the wave," in which some of the little peculiarities appertaining to England and Englishmen are amusingly satirised.

I was rather disappointed with the "Water-Lily." Mr. Cowen seems to halt between the two stools of Wagnerians and Anti-Wagnerians, and in consequence, like the old man in the fable, is in danger of pleasing neither. The cantata was on the whole favourably received and well performed under Mr. Manns' direction, the composer being in Milan superintending the rehearsals for his new opera, "Signa."

AN enormous audience greeted Lady Hallé on her first appearance on the 6th. The great artist was, I hear, in splendid form, and had an enthusiastic reception. She preserves all her powers in a manner that few veterans do ; is it because she declines teaching, and so can devote all her energies to the accomplishing of that ideal which, though many

artists may possess, few attain and retain? If so, her plan is commended to others who stand in danger of losing the position in public opinion held during many years, and who are now "living on their reputation." It is absolutely impossible to continue long to be a first-rate executant as well as teacher ; and to this rule there can be no exception, unless it be in the case of organists, who have often surprised me at their mastery over a difficult instrument when, to my own knowledge, they have not systematically practised for years.

TRUTH to tell I was in "another place" on the 6th, to wit, the Mansion House, where Lord Mayor Sir Stuart Knill entertained a vast multitude of musicians of both sexes at a banquet "in honour of Music." Over 300 invitations were issued, and the assemblage of all sorts and styles of Apollo's followers was from its very diversified character alone a most interesting one. Mr. Chevalier sat next to Mr. de Sergison, Mr. Alec Marsh opposite Mr. Sinclair of Hereford Cathedral, and Mr. F. A. W. Docker next to Signor Raimo : so if extremes did not actually meet they were not far apart—let us hope to their mutual benefit. Such an unique gathering could not fail to do good, even if it had no other effect than to remind many of us into what a number of channels musical art might flow. It was a most enjoyable evening, and we heartily commend the precedent created to the attention of the new Lord Mayor! Amongst the guests we recognised, in addition to the speech-makers mentioned in the daily and other papers, were Mr. Ed. German, Signor Bevnigani, Dr. Turpin, Dr. Steggall, Mr. E. Pauer, Mdle. Janotha, Mr. L. C. Venables, Mr. Bantock Pierpoint, Mr. Sauret, Mr. W. Shakespeare, Dr. C. G. Verrinder, Dr. J. Warriner, Mr. F. Cliffe, Dr. Warwick Jordan, Dr. Pole, F.R.S., Dr. Armes, Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, Dr. Martin (St. Paul's Cathedral), Mr. Manns, Dr. Creser, and Dr. Lennox Browne, some of whose clever lightning sketches we are sorry not to be able to reproduce.



"You insist on respect for learned men, I say 'Amen!' But at the same time, don't forget that largeness of mind, depth of thought, appreciation of the lofty, experience of the world, delicacy of manner, tact and energy in action, love of truth, honesty and amiability—that all these may be wanting in a man who may yet be very learned."—*Letter of Perthes to a friend.*

THE prosperity of a country depends not on the abundance of its revenues, nor on the strength of its fortifications, nor on the beauty of its public buildings, but it consists in the number of its cultivated citizens, in its men of education, enlightenment and character ; here are to be found its true interest, its chief strength, its real power.—*Martin Luther.*

## LEAVES FROM AN AMATEUR'S JOURNAL.—No. III.

Our last leaf chronicled the fond adieu waved to fascinating Chamounix; in spite of all drawbacks we had a most delightful stay, and the Pimple in particular was loth to leave the flesh-pots of The Hotel de Londres et d'Angleterre—"Such a jolly good table d'hôte, and such delicious ices to wind up with, I call it a sin to leave!"

"H'm," said the Imp, "you can call it what you like and say what you like, but go you've got to, so hurry up."

Here again we must put on the big boots and do a small jump, not very high, only a little matter of 15,700 odd feet over Mont Blanc; but we shall get to Courmayeur much quicker than by going round. Those who prefer it can go round as per guide-book.

Courmayeur is a charming little place situate in the midst of some lovely scenery, and here we had a chance which perhaps does not offer itself to aspirant youth every day. The Imp remained one day in seclusion, and Black suggested we should leave him there and do a voyage of discovery. Pimple at once received orders to provision the party for a lengthened expedition. "How many days will you be out?" queried the head waiter, who took instructions, "about seven or eight?" "Well," said the Pimple, with unblushing effrontery, "we might be, we cannot say: perhaps if we had sufficient for seven or eight hours it would be enough." Eventually we started, Green leading—not that it was altogether necessary because the path ran along by the river most of the way, but it sounds better to say "So-and-so led." About two o'clock we had arrived at a convenient cowshed, and decided upon replenishing the inner man. It being fine we sat outside the shed in the sun; this was preferable to the interior. All at once, to quote the well-known bard (or bardess),

"There came a burst of thunder sound—  
The Pimple, where was he?"

Well, as a matter of fact, he was staring up at the mountains above us, apparently at nothing. "D'ye see it," he shouted. "No," said Black, "I heard it; sounded like somebody pulling down a house." "There! *now* can't you see it?" cried the excited Wart. Looking in the direction he was pointing, a little cloud was visible on the very top of one of the snow-covered peaks. As this cleared away something could be seen sliding down; it looked like treacle, but in the end proved to be snow. It was, in fact, a big snow avalanche which came sliding down at a prodigious rate, spreading out in fan shape as it neared the valley. Green registered a vow that if time allowed he was going to stand on it, and off he started in a bee-line across country, the others following. About three-quarters of an hour brought us to the edge of an old moraine, close to

our goal. Another ten minutes' clambering over big rocks, and we stood on the outskirts of the immense "fan." It had barely stopped moving when we arrived, and its gigantic dimensions, if procurable and put on paper, would seem hugely exaggerated. We stood on the fringe some hundred feet or so above the tail end, and were mounted on a big snowball some six or eight feet high. Alongside were others much bigger, and it was so high in the centre that a view of the further side was quite impossible. The spectacle was magnificent; as far up the mountain as we could see (and it must have been quite 5,000 feet above us) was a spotless carpet of dazzling snow, probably eighty feet to a hundred feet wide, and goodness knows how deep. The irresistible force with which it swept down the mountain was impossible of realization. As Black remarked, "Had our cowshed got in the light and been swept away we might have formed some idea of it."

On the way back practical old Brown wanted to raise an argument upon the dimensions, and worked out in his head the number of square tons that a cubic mass of snow, eighty feet wide, thirty feet deep, and a few miles long would measure. To the best of our recollection the result was *oblong*; but the figures were so gigantic, and the effort of imagination to see a sufficient number of cyphers after the initial figure was so great that we declined discussing the point further, remarking that we were out for a holiday and were not in training for mental gymnastics.

Having reported progress to the Imp, and discussed the adventure further at table d'hôte we turned in and slept the sleep of the just—at least, all but White, who dreamt a fearful and wonderful dream in which he was singing the "Excelsior" duet with Green on the top of the cowshed, and was just heaving that huge sigh of regret at having to decline the maiden's invitation, when—down came the avalanche and woke him up; the avalanche in question being a pillow, hurled by the athletic Black as a reminder that it was 5.30 and time to be getting up.

The journey along the southern side of the great Mont Blanc chain was extremely interesting and enjoyable, but must be passed over quickly as space forbids any adequate attempt at description. A new member was added to our troupe hereabouts in the person of a vivacious little Italian guide, who talked French and Italian, but abhorred German. German being the Pimple's rather strong point it was great fun to set them by the ears occasionally; but our little "Augustin" generally held his own. He was an enthusiastic musician, and was very amused at our echo effects. His *jödelling* was really splendid ("chanter" he called it), and many



a time on the side of some mountain he would break forth literally into song, with beautiful pure tone and perfect intonation, just from sheer love of the thing.

Nearing Zermatt, Black and Brown, in company with Augustin, got on ahead, and (according to Black's version at table d'hôte) Brown tried to get up a conversation with Augustin. His French was not by any means fluent, and he was constantly nonplussed for a suitable word to fit into his sentence. Not to be done, he produced a small French dictionary, and "when in doubt played trumps"; in other language, when hung up for a word he would hunt it out, shove it into his sentence regardless of gender or any peculiarities of French composition, and sail away until he bumped up against another verbal rock, when the performance was repeated. Augustin was immensely tickled and kept up his end of the tale splendidly, "eventually landing poor old Brown high and dry with some idiomatic phrase that his dictionary didn't contain," laughed Black in conclusion. "Well," retorted Brown, "you'd have been had just the same. One's none the worse for a little experience like that. It's no use pretending to know what you don't." "That reminds me of a yarn I heard of a chap at Lucerne," chimed in White. "He was at dinner, and thought no end of his linguistic attainments. Sitting next to him was an American, who started some topic of conversation; but the toff would have none of him, he rather scorned Yankees. Presently he found something was wanting and called out 'Garçon, garçon!' The attentive waiter was at his side in a twinkling: 'Oui, m'sieur.' 'Apportez-moi — er — er — apportez-moi un — er — escalier.' 'Pardon, m'sieur?' said the bewildered garçon. 'Escalier, apportez-moi 'scalier.' The waiter, evidently thinking he was slightly cracked, turned an enquiring look towards the American, who was highly amused at the little passage of arms. He merely looked at the waiter, quietly murmured the word 'cuiller,' and the man went off with a broad grin to get the necessary article. The toff was highly indignant at this, and turned round upon the Yank with 'You'll excuse me, sir, but I didn't come over here to take lessons in French from you.' 'Wal, stranger, I guess you didn't; but when a man wants a *spoon* and asks for a *staircase*, it's time he took lessons from some one!'" Roars of laughter greeted this sally, which so tickled the Pimple that he insisted on asking the chambermaid afterwards whether there was a "cuiller" at the end of the passage. Luckily the girl was not familiar with the secondary English meaning of the word or she might have boxed his ears!

We were loth to leave Zermatt, nestling as it does right underneath those magnificent peaks and glaciers. Luckily it was perfect weather on the

day we mounted on to the Gönner Grat. Words absolutely fail to fitly describe that almost unparalleled panorama. The air is so clear that distance seems practically annihilated, and the glacier, probably 2,000 feet or so below, looks so close that, as Green remarked, "one could almost chuck a penny on to it." Three people returning from the ascent of Monte Rosa were crossing it and looked for all the world like three black pins walking along; whilst the Matterhorn, "that incomparable wedge," as the Imp called it, dwarfs everything else into comparative insignificance. Its proportions are striking enough from the valley, but from this little table-land, 5,000 feet or so above Zermatt, they are really awe-ful in the truest sense of the word, and the tongue-like peak appears to be enormously higher than any of the others around it. As a matter of fact it is not so. Monte Rosa (Dufour Spitze) and the Mischabel Dom both exceed it in the actual number of feet above the sea level, but being more or less surrounded by high peaks they do not show to such advantage as the Matterhorn, which is literally "monarch of all it surveys."

Journeying homewards we must now put on the big boots for the last time and hurry past Visp to Brieg, where they have the remnants of a brass band, formed probably before the flood, or rather the earthquake which nearly demolished that town some years back. We were right off brass bands. The experience of Chamounix was still green in our memories. But Brieg's was undoubtedly champion in playing out of tune. Brown likened it to two piano-organs playing the "Cavalleria Intermezzo" together, but in different keys—and he wasn't far wrong.

Lucerne was our "Ultima Thule," via the Furka, Goeschenen, and the St. Gothard Railway down to Fluelen. What a marvellous piece of engineering that railway is! the circular tunnels and fairy-like viaducts are really extraordinary, and any attempt at description here is out of the question. From Fluelen the boat starts for Lucerne, a most delightful voyage. Having time to spare we got off at Vitznau to do the Righi, and sent Pimple to enquire about tickets whilst the rest took their places in the little train. "Billets" were soon demanded. Of course we had none, but refused to turn out, explaining that our courier was procuring them. The Imp put on such an air of dignity that the man positively believed him and saluted. Happy Imp! No one had ever done it before, and no one probably would ever do it again; however, it was an incident he would glory in retailing (with "grace notes") to his admiring circle of friends at home. At last the Pimple appeared, and the train started, all of a hurry. No waiting about to get up steam; it seemed to have got it up all at once, and the vibration was awful. The seat hit us in the back with a persistency worthy of a

much better cause, and if we spoke the words were literally jerked out. This was another wonderful ride in many respects, not the least striking being that we went clean through the clouds and came out above them in clear bright weather, which continued until the Kulm was reached and a glorious landscape spread out beneath us for miles round.

Our stay up was very short, having to start for

home in the evening and say adieu to Switzerland with its many comforts—and discomforts as well. An all-night journey brought us to Brussels where all were too sleepy to see very much, and next morning saw us safe back again in Harwich harbour, having had a most enjoyable and instructive jaunt in very pleasant and amusing company.

Gentle reader, go and do likewise.

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### "WHAT THE MUSIC SAYS."

#### NO I.—MENDELSSOHN'S "LIEDER OHNE WORTE."

OH tell me, rippling waters that around my vessel play,  
Where you learned the low, sweet, melodies you sing for me  
to-day?

And in this far-off country whisper softly in mine ear  
The secrets of my inmost life in accents wondrous clear?  
It must be that the rustling leaves that all my story know  
Have told it to the song-birds; who have sung it to and fro,  
Till you learned the magic harmony I only understand,  
And ripple it around me in this lonely stranger land.

But can you sing me nothing but the echoes of the past?

Oh! shall I reach the haven, after all my toil, at last?

Shall I carry back your whispers with me in the homeward  
gale,

And with my love make merry jests about your solemn tale?

No! I listen, listen, listen, till the world seems one huge hum,

For one stray note of rosy hope of the future you are dumb,

Till my soul grows sick with longing, and the pleasure joins  
with pain,

As you prattle, ceaseless, of the joys that ne'er can come again.

R. T.

— \* \* \* \* \*

At Dresden the appointments for the opera and chapel are on the most liberal scale, and the kapellmeisters well remunerated, partly from the king's privy purse.

THE famous Italian traveller, Beltrami, thus wrote from London in 1822: "I see a man of elegant appearance, dressed in black, with silk stockings and breeches. Now then, I think, I shall be able to describe a lord; it is a footman. I meet another man in long gaiters, a very plain coat, and a face and manner the most unpretending possible. 'That's a very neat-looking servant,' I say to myself. 'I wish ours were as clean.' Alas! my dear countess, this is a duke!"

The character of Mrs. Foote, the actor's mother, was curiously reflected in her jovial son. She, having spent all her large fortune, was imprisoned for debt, so she wrote the great actor, who had been allowing her a hundred a year, "Dear son, I am in prison for debt, come and assist your loving mother, E. Foote." To this her son replied, "Dear mother, so am I, which prevents his duty being paid to his loving mother by her affectionate son, Sam Foote."

GENIUS commands admiration; character secures respect.

WHAT MUSICIANS OWE ITALIANS.—The Italians were inventors of some and perfectors or improvers of most of the instruments of the modern orchestra. The resources of these instruments were first developed in Italy, and the earliest great performers on them were Italian. The oratorio and opera were born and bred in Italy, and every distinct form of musical composition, instrumental and vocal, is the invention of Italians.

THE ORIGIN OF THE VIOLIN.—Vincenzo Galilei, in his "Dialogues" (printed in Venice, 1568), says that the violin and violoncello were both invented by the Neapolitans. Montaigne relates that he heard violins at Verona in 1578. Corelli had a violin decorated by the Bolognese painter, Caracci, who died in 1609. Baltazarini (who appeared in England) was the first noted performer on the violin. It was introduced into France by Catherine de Medici in 1577. The inventor of the present form of violin bow was Viotti, that for the double bass, Dragonetti.



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